

The Historie of

And comes not in, ouer-rulde by Prophecies,
I feare the power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an instant tryall with the King.

Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is *Douglas*, and *Lord Mortimer*,

Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.

Sir M. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, *Lord Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worcester*, and a head
Of gallant Warriours, noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The speciall head of all the land togeather:
The *Prince of Wales*, *Lord Iohn of Lancaster*,
The noble *Westmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many mo Coriuales, and deare men
Of estimation, and command in armes.

Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no lesse? yet, needfull 'tis to feare,
And to preuent the worst, *Sir Michell*, speed:
For if *Lord Percy* thriue not ere the King
Dismiss his power, he meanes to visit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacie,
And, 'tis but wisdome to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste, I must goe write againe
To other friends, and so farewell, *Sir Michell*.

Exeunt.

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of
Acz. Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe. Scene 1.*

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere,
Aboue yon buskie hill, the day lookes pale
At his distemperature.

Prince. The Southerne winde
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by hollow whistling in the leaues,
Foretels a Tempest and a blustering day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that winne.

The Trumpet soundes. Enter Worcester.

King. How now my Lord of *Worcester*? 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet vpon such tearmes,

Henrie the fourth

As now we meete. You haue deceiued
And made vs doffe our easie Robes
To crush our old lims in vngentle
This is not well, my Lord, this is no
What say you to it? will you againe
This churlish knot of all abhorred
And moue in that obedient orbe ag
Where you did giue a faire and nat
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor
A prodigie of feare, and a portent
Of broched mischief to the vnbor

Wor. Heare mee, my Liege:

For mine owne part, I could be wel
To entertaine the lag-end of my lif
With quiet houres: For I protest,
I haue not sought the day of this di

King. You haue not sought it:

Fals. Rebellion lay in his way;

Prin. Peace, Chewet peace.

Wor. It pleasde your Maiesty to
Of fauour, from my selfe, and all ou
And yet I must remember you my
Wee were the first and dearest of yo
For you, my Staffe of office did I b
In *Richards* time, and posted day an
To meete you on the way, and kiss
When yet you were in place, and in
Nothing so strong and fortunate as
It was my selfe, my Brother, and his
That brought you home; and bold
The danger of the time. You swor
And you did sweare that Oath at
That you did nothing of purpose g
Nor claime no further, then your n
The seate of *Gaunt*, Dukedome of
To this, we sweare our ayde: but i
It raiend downe Fortune showing
And such a floud of Greatnesse fell

As

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